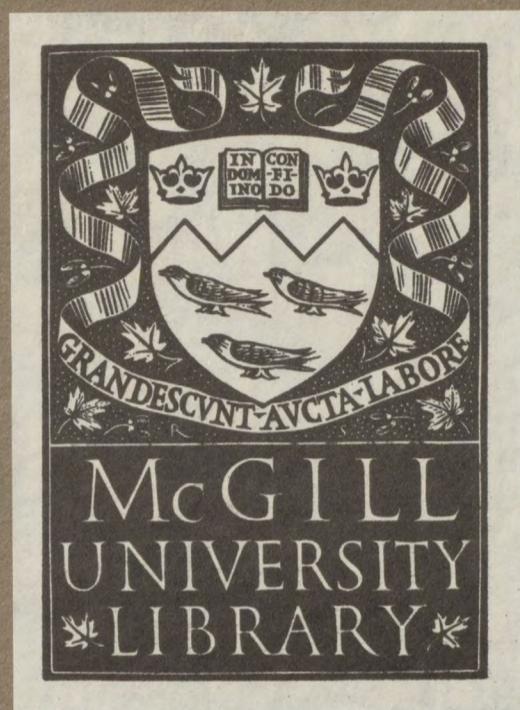


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1902

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R005012

Country No. 2 MIRABOC - 5

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PARK CHISWICK



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THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE
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APRIL MDCCCCII

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OF COMMON PRAY-
ER 350 Copies on Kelms-
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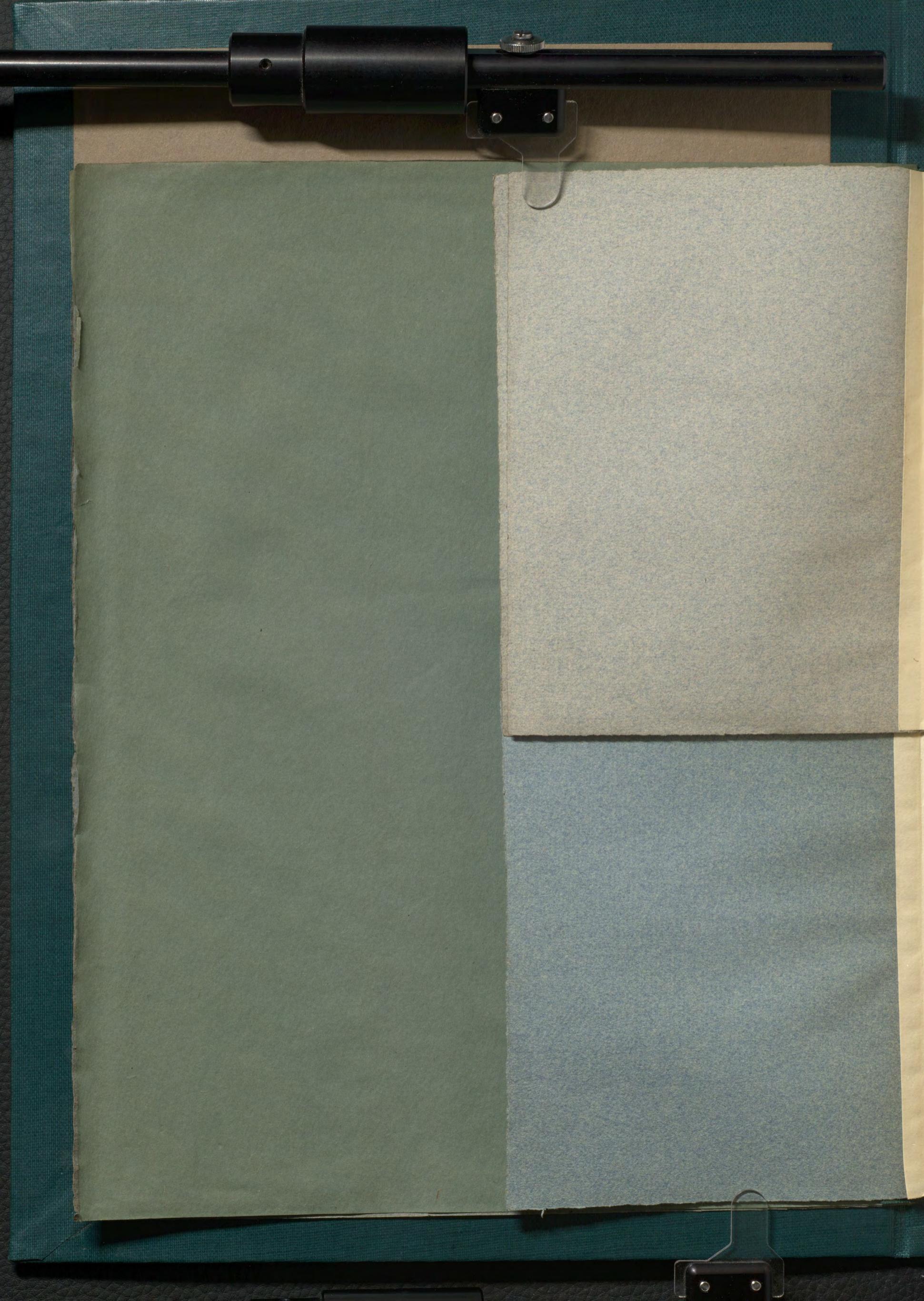
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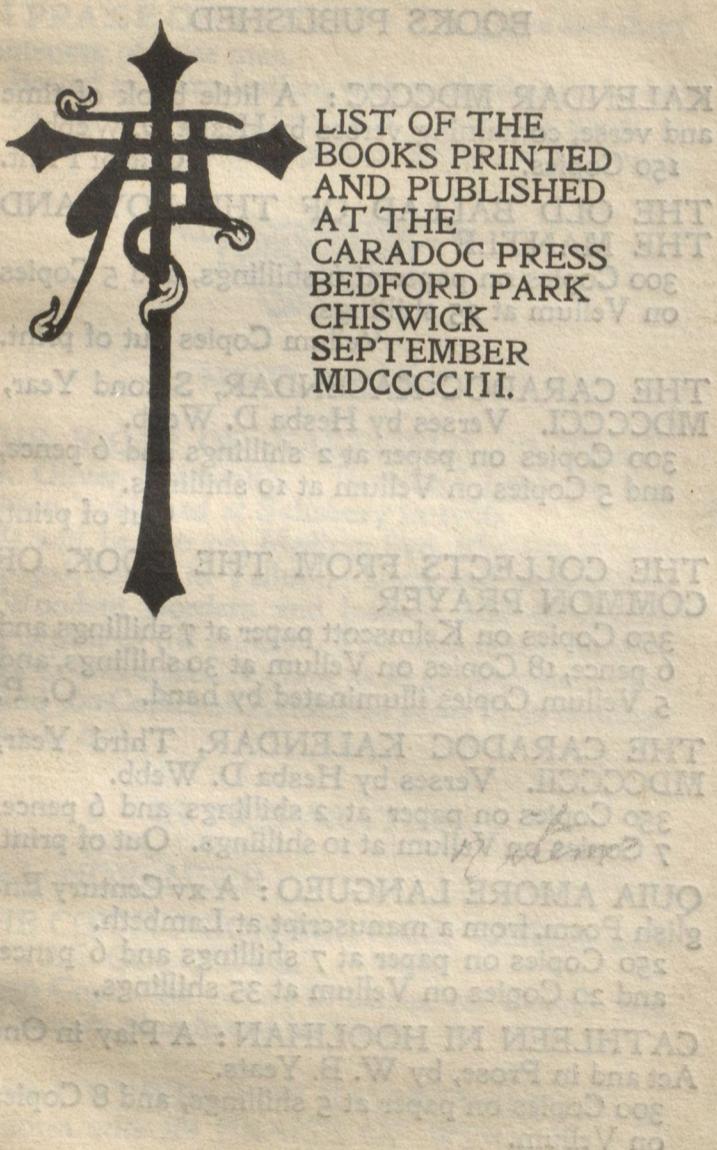
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Uniform with IN PRAISE OF WISDOM

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It has 320 copies on vellum of 5 quires.
A sample page and 12 copies on vellum of 5 quires.



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Each copy.



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THE PROVERBS OF SAINT BERNARD
Uniform with IN PRAISE OF MYS DOM



THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

CHAPTER I.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD, IN WHICH A KINDRED LIKENESS PREVAILS AS WELL OF MINDS AS OF PERSONS.

TWAS ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, chose my wife as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good natured notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could shew more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself much also upon being an excellent contriver in house-keeping; yet I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased with age. There was in fact nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in a moral or rural amusement;

in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fire-side, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger come to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the Herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; for literally speaking, we had the blind, the maimed and the halt, amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that as they were the same flesh and blood with us, they should sit with us at the same table. So that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, and others are smitten with the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house for the first time, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune; but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all, except my two daughters, to be compleatly pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such an happy sensibility of look, that even age could not gaze with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study: they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead; for as she always insisted upon carving everything herself, it being her mothers way, she gave us on these occasions the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits, shortened the

rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together; I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on another object, the compleating a tract which I intended shortly to publish in defence of monogamy. As I looked upon this as a master-piece both for argument and style, I could not in the pride of my heart avoid shewing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation; but too late, I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but on the day appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides: he asserted that I was heterodox, I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the meantime, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute,

THE
DEFENCE OF POËSIE,

BY

SIR PHILLIP SYDNEY *Knight.*



HEN the right virtuous E. W. and I were at the Emperors Court together, we gave our selvs to learn horsmanship of John Pietro Pugliano, one that with great commendation had the place of an Esquire in his Stable: and he according to the fertileness of the *Italian* wit, did not only afford us the demonstration of his practice, but sought to enrich our minds with the contemplation therein, which he thought most precious. But with none I remember mine ears were at any time more loaden, than when (either angred with slow payment, or moved with our learner-like admiration) he exercised his speech in the praise of his faculty. He said Souldiers were the noblest estate of mankind, and horsmen the noblest of Souldiers. He said they were the Masters of war, and ornaments of peace, speedy goers, and strong abiders, triumphers both in Camps and Courts: nay, to so

THE DEFENCE OF POËSIE.

THE
DEFENCE OF POËSIE

BY
SIR PHILIP SYDNEY Knight

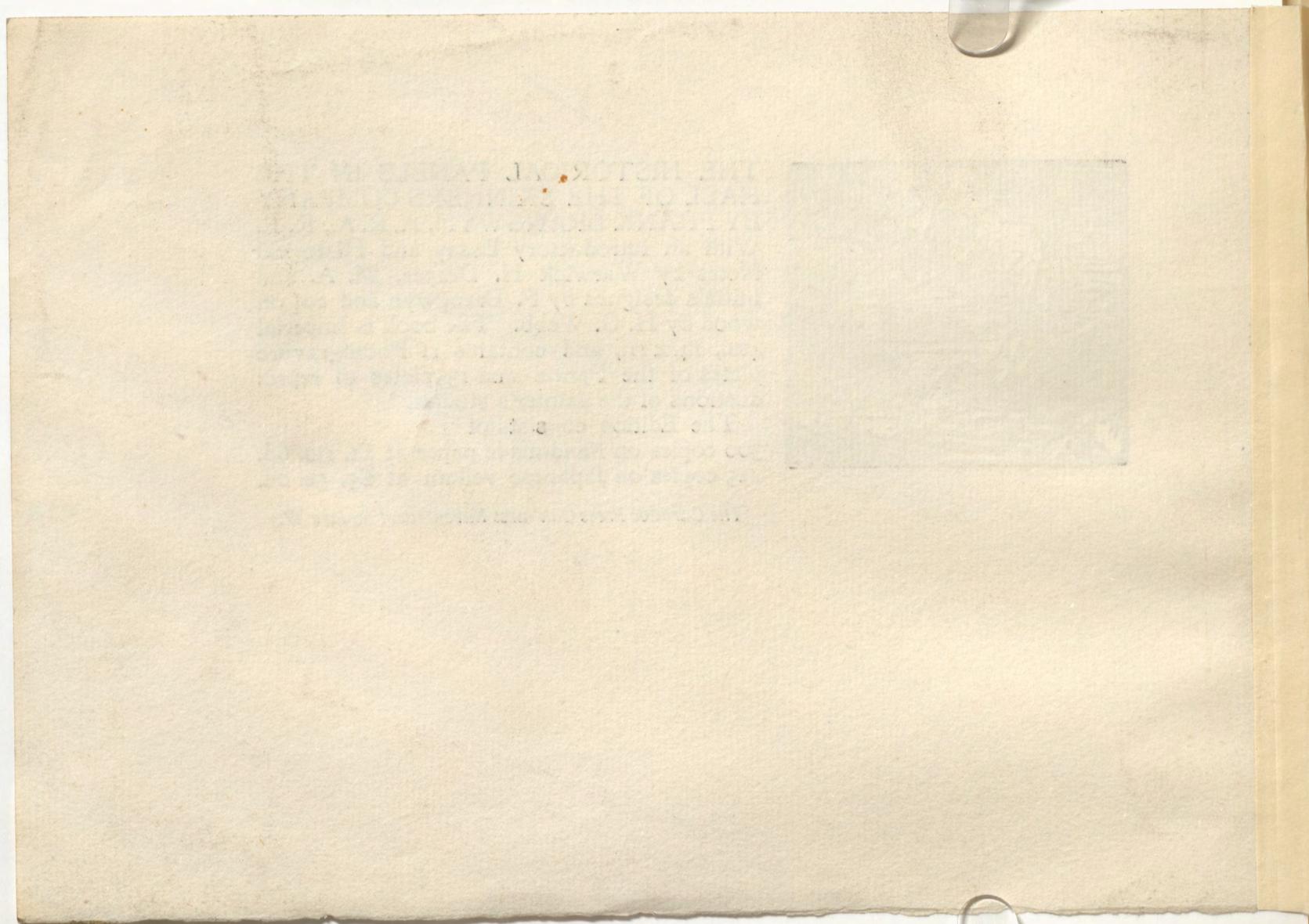
WHEN the right Honourable G. M. says
I was in the Humble Court
together, we have the service of
this poem upon him of John Pa-
trick, one of the best writers
of his nation, and the place of
composition had the pleasure of
the Poet in his speech; and he said
the author of the poem, Mr. Pitt, did not only
put himself to the trouble of writing the poem
but sought to help on my brother with the con-
templation thereof, which is indeed more
than I can say for myself, who
was more to my own brother than for
himself, who was very poor, or rather
with two hundred pounds a year.
He said
his brother in his speech to the House
of Commons was the author of the poem,
and he told the House of Commons
that was the first time he had
seen such a speech made by a man
of sense, sense, and eloquence
as himself, and he said, and he said,



THE HISTORICAL PANELS IN THE
HALL OF THE SKINNERS COMPANY
BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A. R. A., R. E.
With an introductory Essay and Historical
Notes by Warwick H. Draper, M. A. and
Initials designed by F. Brangwyn and cut on
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The Caradoc Press Oakhurst Ravenscourt Square W.



WITH MR & MRS FRANK BRANGWYN'S
KIND REGARDS AND BEST WISHES
XMAS MDCCCCVII



TEMPLE LODGE HAMMERSMITH

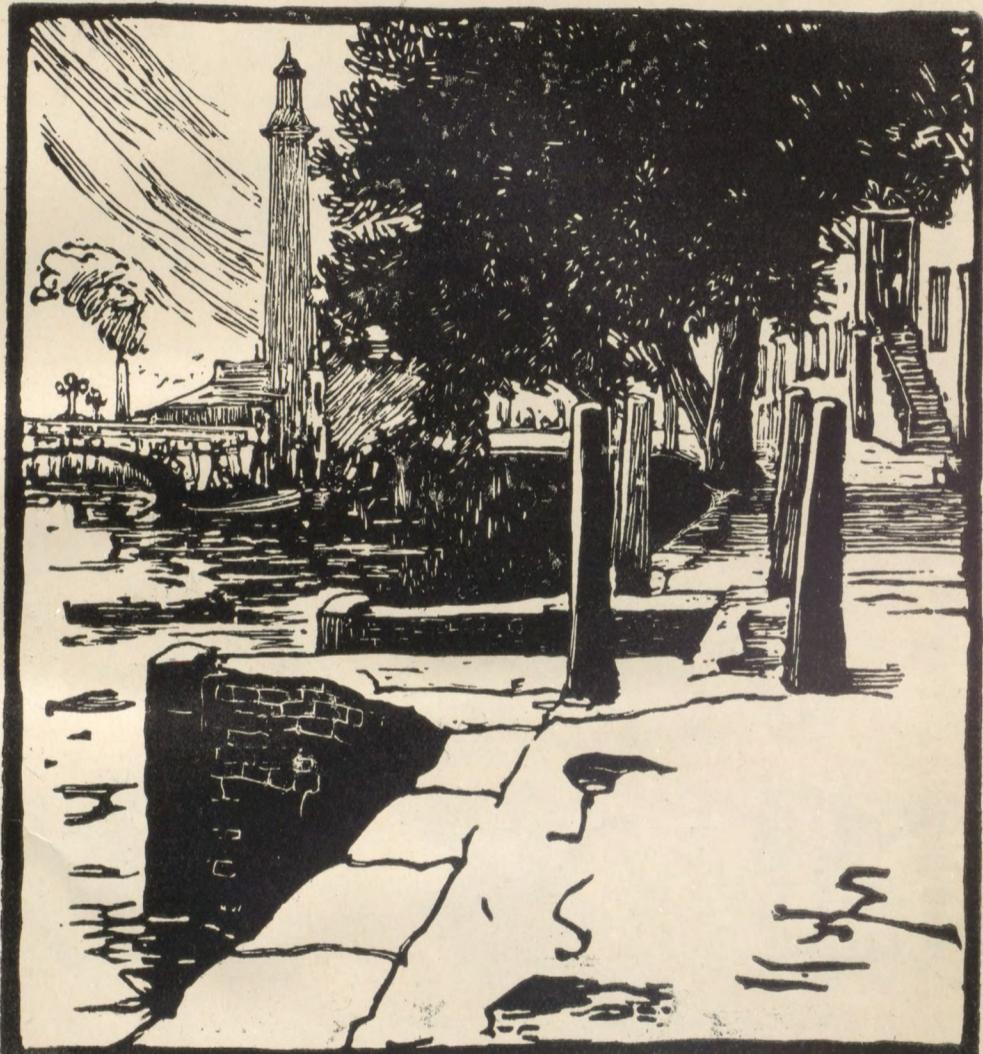
NOW, DERE FRENDE, before Matyns shall
thou thynke of the swete byrthe of JHESU
CRISTE. Thynke besyly the TYME and the
STEAD and the HOURE that He was born of
His modir MARYE. The TYME was my-
winter when it was moste colde. The HOURE
was at myndighte the hardeste houre that es.
The STEAD was in a house withouten walles.
In cloths was He wounden and in a crybbe
byfore an oxe and an asse that lovely lorde layde
was for there was no other stead voyde. And
here shall thou thynke of the keepynge of
MARYE, and of her CHILDE, and of her
Spouse JOSEPH what joy JHESU them sente.
Thou shall thynke also of the byrds that saw
the takyn of His byrthe and thou shall thynke
of the swete felachippe of angells and rayse up
thi herte and syng with them

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO





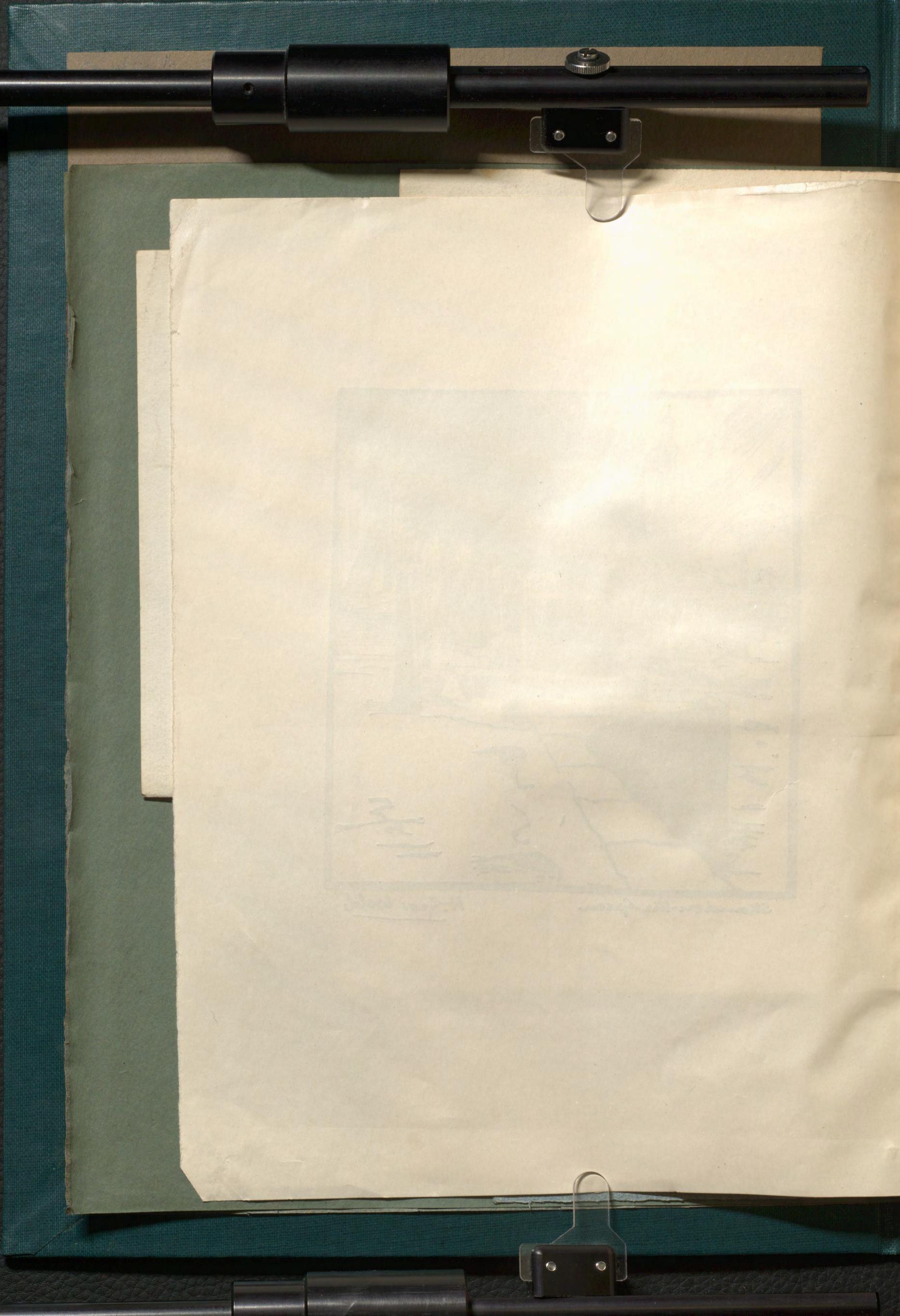
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Strand on the Green

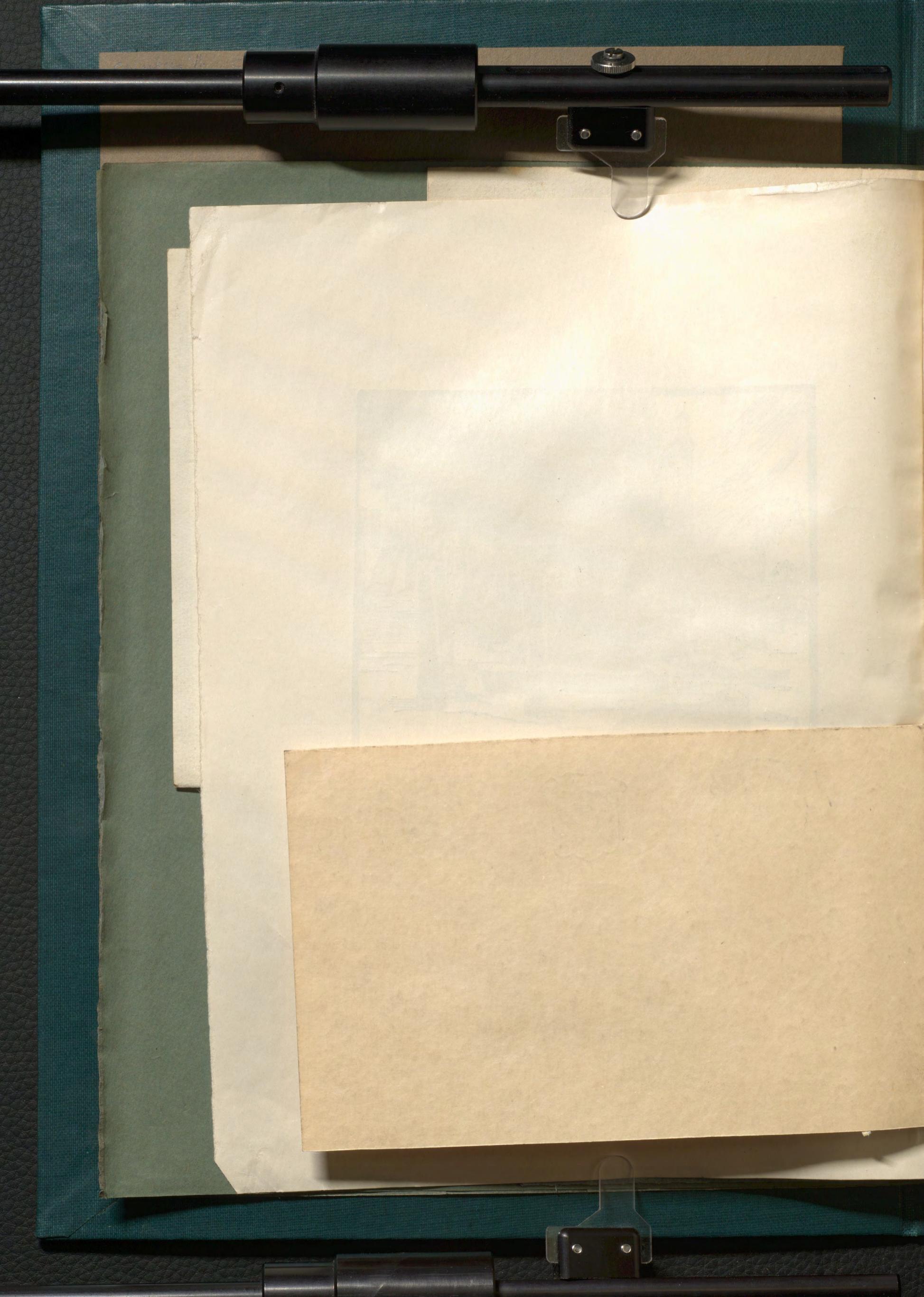
H. Geo. Webb

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R005012

Collection Mr. CARABOC E

R005012

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21	26	19	12	11
24	25	18	10	9
31	29	27	17	8
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30	29	27	15	6
31	28	26	14	5
31	29	27	13	4
30	28	26	12	3
30	29	27	11	2
31	28	26	10	1



PRING and Summer nom are fled,
Mourning Autumn, too, is dead;
Tke leaves kave laid aside tkeir dress
And shivering stand in nakedness.
The river, late so strong and loud,
Lies silent 'neath its icy skroud.
Tke solemn kills, just capped mitk snom
Look down upon the vale belom,
Wkere tkrougk tke night of Winter sleep
Txe little seeds txeir vigil keep.

Dec 19

Shakespeare



NOW THE FAIR GODDESS FOR-
TUNE FALL DEEP IN LOVE
WITH THEE!

PROSPERITY BE
THY SLAVE.

WRITTEN DESIGNED CUT ON WOOD
PRINTED AND BOUND BY H D AND
HG WEBB AT CARADOC BEDFORD
PARK CHISWICK FINISHED

DECEMBER

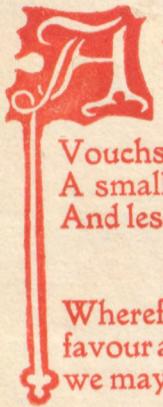
MCCCCC.

25	26	27	28	29	30	31
26	27	28	29	30	31	1
27	28	29	30	31	1	2
28	29	30	31	1	2	3
29	30	31	1	2	3	4
30	31	1	2	3	4	5
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

A LITTLE BOOK OF TIME
AND VERSE

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less this, I'm sure you cannot give.

Shakespeare



LITTLE BOOK OF TIME
AND VERSE

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I'm sure you cannot give.

W^m Galspe

Wherefore let me intreat you to read it with
favour and attention and to pardon us wherein
we may seem to come short.

Ecclesiasticus

Colección H. CARABOS. E.



THE KING'S CASTLE
GATE IS CROSSED
SHUTLED UP IN THE DUNGEON
TILL IT IS BROKEN DOWN.

SOU may bar the castle gate
But you will not shut out Fate;
On the day that she is due,
She will knock and you
Will open.

You may set a guard and wait
But you will not out-watch Fate;
Spite of strategem and plan,
She's a match for any man,
Even you.

SECOND YEAR
January Year

SECOND YEAR.

JANUARY.

S	6	13	20	27
M	7	14	21	28
T	8	15	22	29
W	2	9	16	23
T	3	10	17	24
F	4	11	18	25
S	5	12	19	26

ROGOZIN

1774
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1826

1827

ONCE upon a gloomy day,
Delia came out to play.
Youth and Health stepped out with her
To the greystest heart to stir!
A beauty took her by the hand.
The illest wit can understand,
From shamed of gloom the peevish Sun
Smiled this sight to look upon
And hasted in marm beams to shed
Sunlight on ker sunny kead.



Sept

OCTOBER

R005012

Collected by C. R. GOODALE

ROOS012



HE path is wet with tears,
Shed for the summer gone;
From the sad trees, they one by one,
Fall silently adown.

Tears for the bright bays fled, —
Russet and gold, I see,
And green, the autumn's prophecy
Of summers yet to be,

Tears for the sad daya qaat,
Withered and brown and dead:
Dead hopes like flowers lie buried fast
Under the leafy b.

SPS

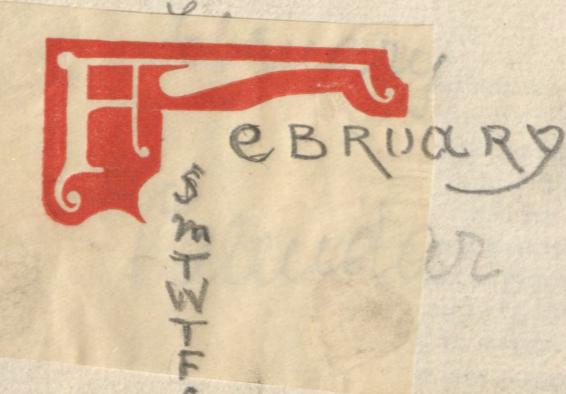
a
b

June
July

HY dost thou lie a prisoner
in the dark?
Rise up and climb, and thou
mayst yet behold
Sunrise upon the hills of Liberty.



June



Collection No. C. 1946.02

March



T is not rest we want, but wings,
Strong wings and swift, to bear us up
Above the weariness of weary earth.
In buoyant air and blazing noon of light,
Our tired souls shall lose all sense of weight
And see undimmed, the longed-for face of Hope.



Without thy heart, my heart.
It must eternal minister be
Can in my year have peer;
No spring or summer, I foresee,

So are my days like darkest night,
Of sun or moon above, my love, my lo...
Were the earth without the light



September

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	
A	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28	



Here with is the new verse for
1901. composed ~~today~~:

Like mariners upon a sea
Whose rocks & currents are unknown
So in our earthly course are we
By winds & tempests blown

²
Unfathomed depths below us lie
Strown with the wrecks of evil chance
Nor star nor compass can avail
In the strong tide of circumstance

³
Yet spite of all, to every man
The pilot giveth this advice —
Keep a stout heart and set thy sail
For the safe port of Paradise

TIKE mariners upon a sea,
Whose rocks and currents are unknown,
So in our earthly course are we
By winds and tempests blown.

Unfathomed depths below us lie,
Strown with the wrecks of evil chance,
No star nor compass can avail
In the strong tide of circumstance.

Yet spite of all, to every man,
The pilot giveth this advice
Keep a stout heart and set thy sail
For the safe port of Paradise.

Ecclesiasticus

ET REASON go before every enterprise
and COUNSEL before every action
AND let the counsel of thine own heart
stand ; for there is no man more faithful
unto thee than it
FOR A MAN'S MIND is sometime wont
to tell him more than seven watchmen that
sit above in an high tower .

Ecclesiasticus

ere with is the jaw: verse for
1. composed ~~today~~:

the mariners upon a sea
no rocks & currents are uncommon
nor rankly coarse are we
winds & tempests blow

2.
unshorned depths below us lie
on with the wrecks of evil chance
star nor compass can abate
the strong tide of circumstance

3.
spite of all to every man
pilot gives tho advice —
a stout heart & set thy sail
to safe port of Paradise

Sunday 5 P.M.

I thank you for sending the book you
collected. I was really pleased
to see it. I feel like you were very
critical about it. I saw how
it is so square. The clasp is
not perfect either in the middle
but taking it altogether as you
say it is a delightful little
book. I don't want to part
with it. I like the design
& color of the clasp very
much; it must have been
very troublesome I am sure.
I will return it to you tomor-
row to sell it — Not less than
& it ought to fetch 20 £s.
No one has touched the book
but me. One initial
seen is soiled in the binding.
It must be touched up.
Love from all -

D.

R005012

Collected by CARLTON F.

KALENDAR

M
D
CCCC
I
I

KALENDAR

M
D
CCCC
I
I

16 - 13 : 14

Bell XXXII
19

Let reason go before every enterprise
& counsel before every action

And let the counsel of thine own
heart stand; for there is no man
more fittoe unto thee than it

For a mans mind is sometime
wokr to the wrom more then
seven watchmen that sit above
in an high tower -

Ecclesiasticus

Collection Mr. CHAPMAN

Wherefore let me intreat
you to read it with favour
and attention, & to pardon
us, wherein we may seem
to come short.

Pistoguelo Secel.

R005012

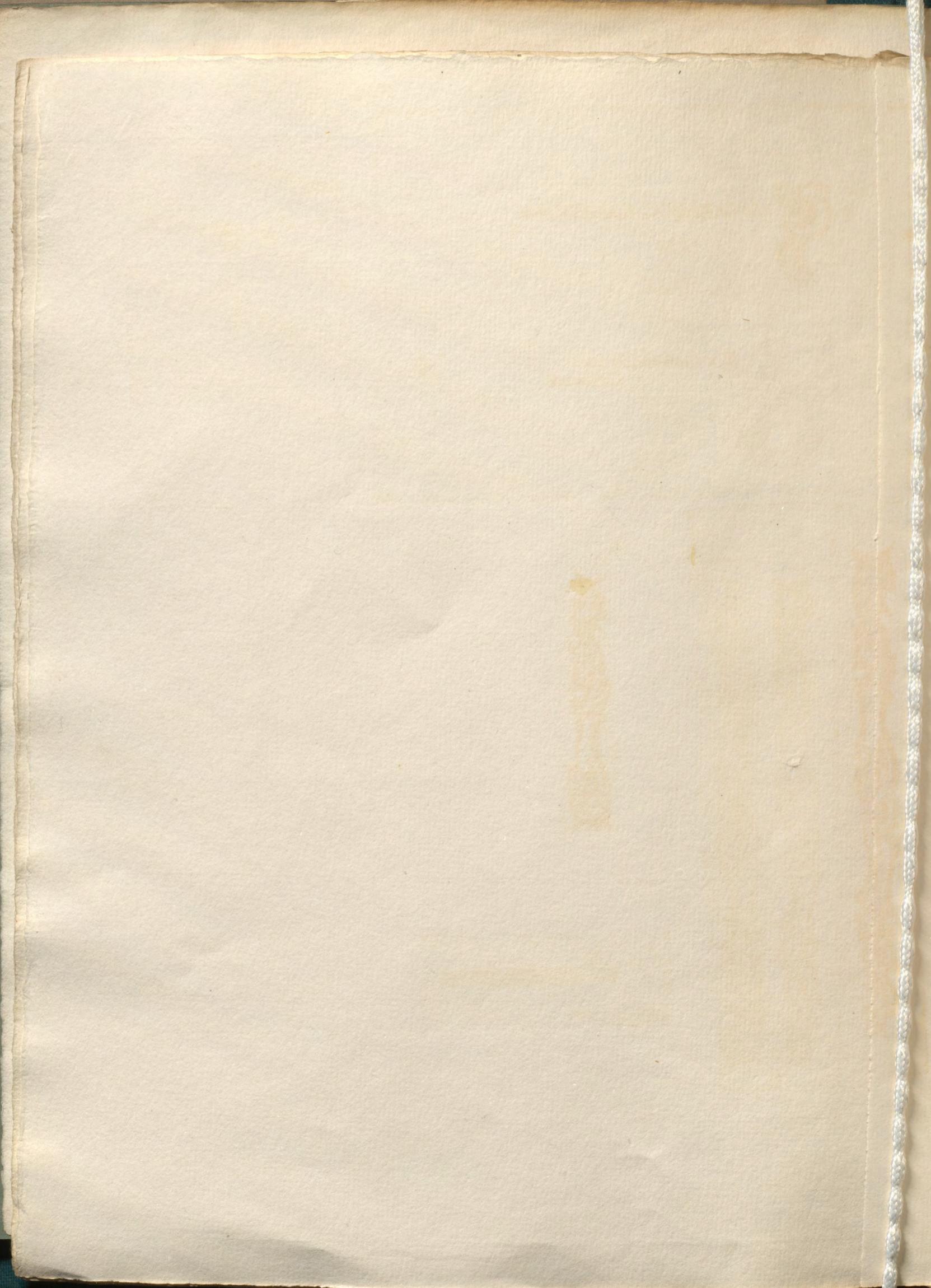
KALENDAR

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KALENDAR

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Calvin H. Chapman F



R005012



THE CARADOC KALENDAR

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The Caradoc Press
Chiswick

KALENDAR
M
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IKE mariners upon a sea,
Whose rocks and currents are unknown;
So in our earthly course are we
By winds and tempests down.

Unfathomed depths below us lie,
Strewn with the wrecks of evil chance,
No star nor compass can avail
In the strong tide of circumstance.

Yet spite of all, to every man,
The pilot giveth this advice
Keep a stout heart and set thy sail
For the safe port of Paradise.



ET neither time nor care be spared
For in the race of life, be sure
The winner is the best prepared.

Who would with equal skill
Or hardships great, for long endure
Must strive with chearful courage,
The goal beyond.

compete

WEET register of all my vows,
In whom are written down
Such secrets, as would tempt a king
To sacrifice his crown.

Thou art my sunshine and delight,
The life and pulse of me,
My youth and health, and of my heart
Its golden treasury.

4-

SWEET register of all my vows,
In whom are written down
Such secrets, as would tempt a king
To sacrifice his crown.

Thou art my sunshine and delight,
The life and pulse of me,
My youth and health, and of my heart
Its golden treasury.

St. Arch.

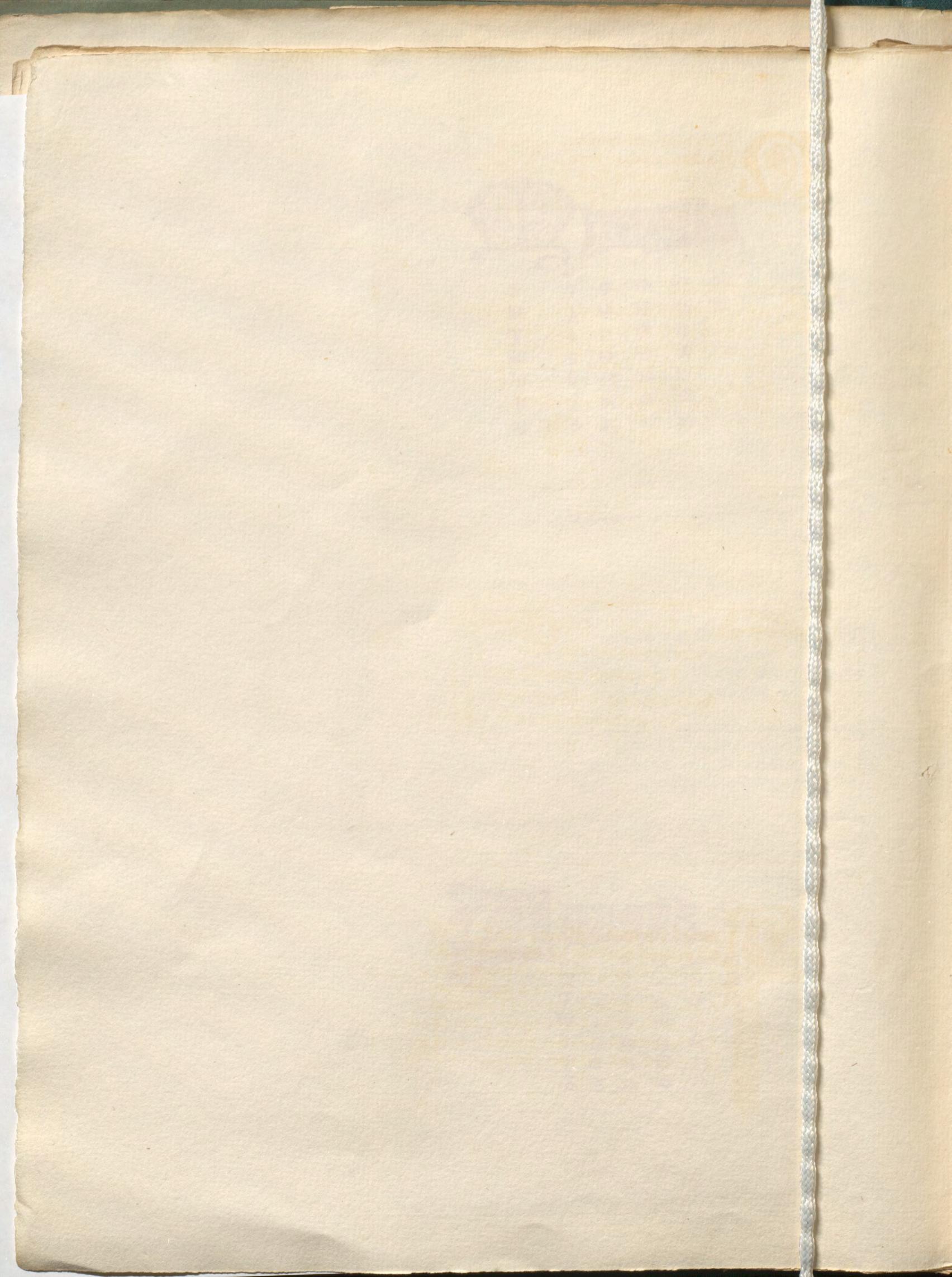
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M	3	10	17	24	31
T	4	11	18	25	
W	5	12	19	26	
T	6	13	20	27	
F	7	14	21	28	
S	1	8	15	22	29

APRIL

S	6	13	20	27
M	7	14	21	28
T	8	15	22	29
W	9	16	23	30
T	10	17	24	
F	11	18	25	
S	12	19	26	

R005012

Collection No. 222222 - E



THE eastern hill which hid the sun's approach
Is lit with glory as the day grows old.
So our grey youth, a steep and stony path,
Shews smooth and rosy in declining age.
No present is there, for enjoyment here
Life is all struggle or all retrospect.

12 81 11 8 10
13 82 12 2 11
14 83 84 4 7
15 16 17 4 3



S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	
W	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28	



O sighing, no despair,
No discontent or care,
A morning face
And heart of grace
To meet the troubles of the day.

Though clouds obscure the sun
Before the day is done,
Do but thy part
With earnest heart
And light will last thee all the way.



LIKE the spires of a city
Lie the shadows on the grass,
Hollyhock and tall sunflower,
Daisies for Saint Michael's mass

Fairy looms are ever busy
Fashioning a mantle grey,
Spinning pearly silk, or weaving
Silver shrouds for earth's decay



long long road without an end;
An unseen goal too far away to reach;
A river whose glad song is never done;
A closed book that holds a wondrous tale;
A great white land, where all achieved lie
The dreams that haunt today's uncertainty.
To thy near shores our steps for ever tend,
O sea unsailed-on and immaculate!

Calender No. 2 APRIL 1890

JULY

S	6	13	20	27
M	7	14	21	28
T	1	8	15	22
W	2	9	16	23
T	3	10	17	24
F	4	11	18	25
S	5	12	19	26

AUGUST

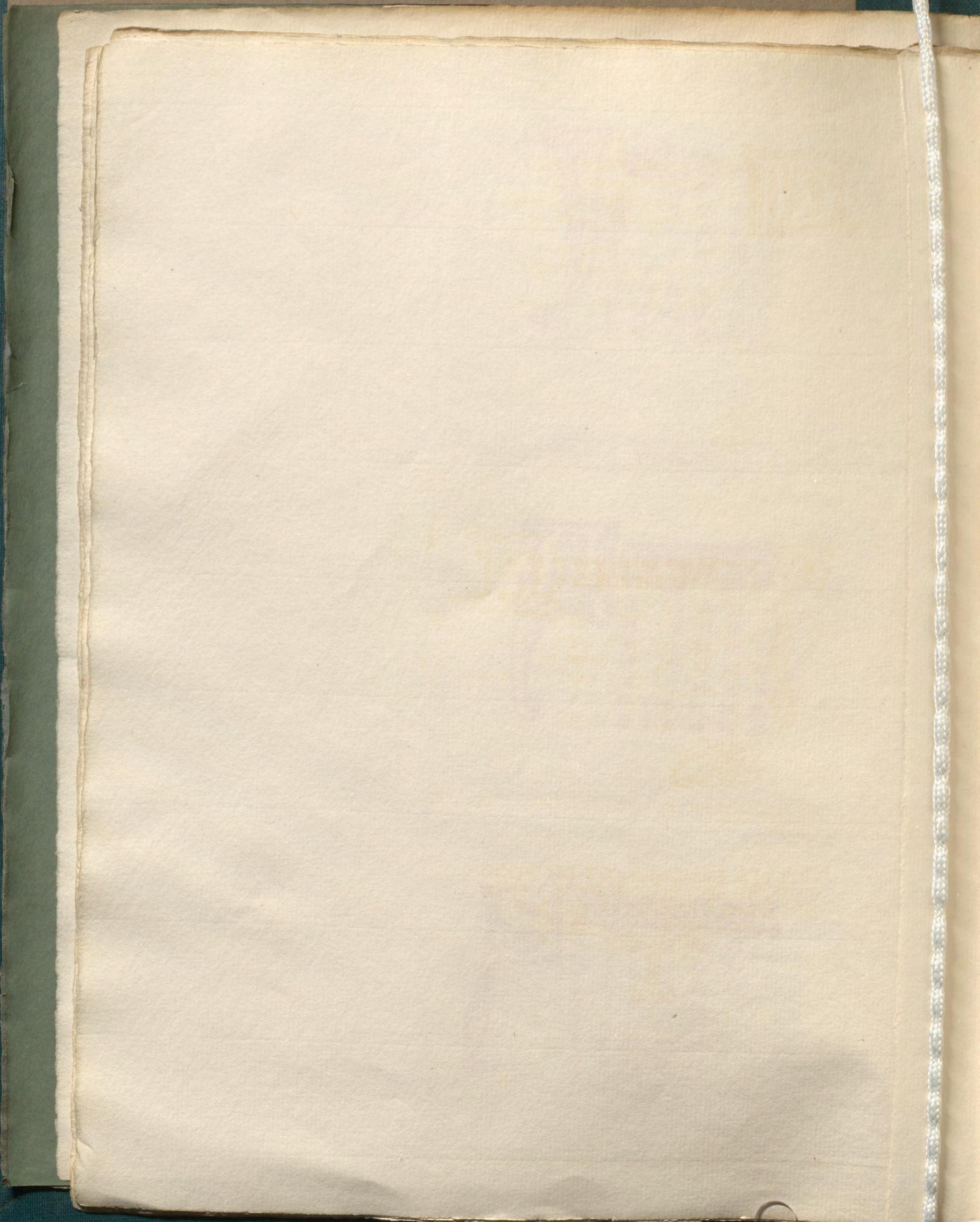
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M	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
W	6	13	20	27	
T	7	14	21	28	
F	1	8	15	22	29
S	2	9	16	23	30

SEPTEMBER

S	7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22
T	2	9	16	23
W	3	10	17	24
T	4	11	18	25
F	5	12	19	26
S	6	13	20	27

R005012

Collection M. C. ZABALA F.





AIT not for scrip or staff,
No premium or wage;
Yet see thy clothing be what best
Suits a long prilgrimage.

Delay not, but set forth
Unbowed by any weight;
Who travel night and day
They only reach the Gate.



OO late and dark it is to travel on
Along this valley drear;
Black is the starless sky where lately shone
The last moon of the year.

Alone I am, no guide to point my way,
No friend to answer me;
Yet on the hill-top of the coming day
A beacon fire I see.

WRITTEN DESIGNED CUT ON WOOD
PRINTED AND BOUND BY H D AND
H G WEBB AT CARADOC BEDFORD
PARK CHISWICK FINISHED
DECEMBER

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Calendars for 1890

OCTOBER.

S	5	12	19	26
M	6	13	20	27
T	7	14	21	28
W	1	8	15	22
T	2	9	16	23
F	3	10	17	24
S	4	11	18	25

NOVEMBER.

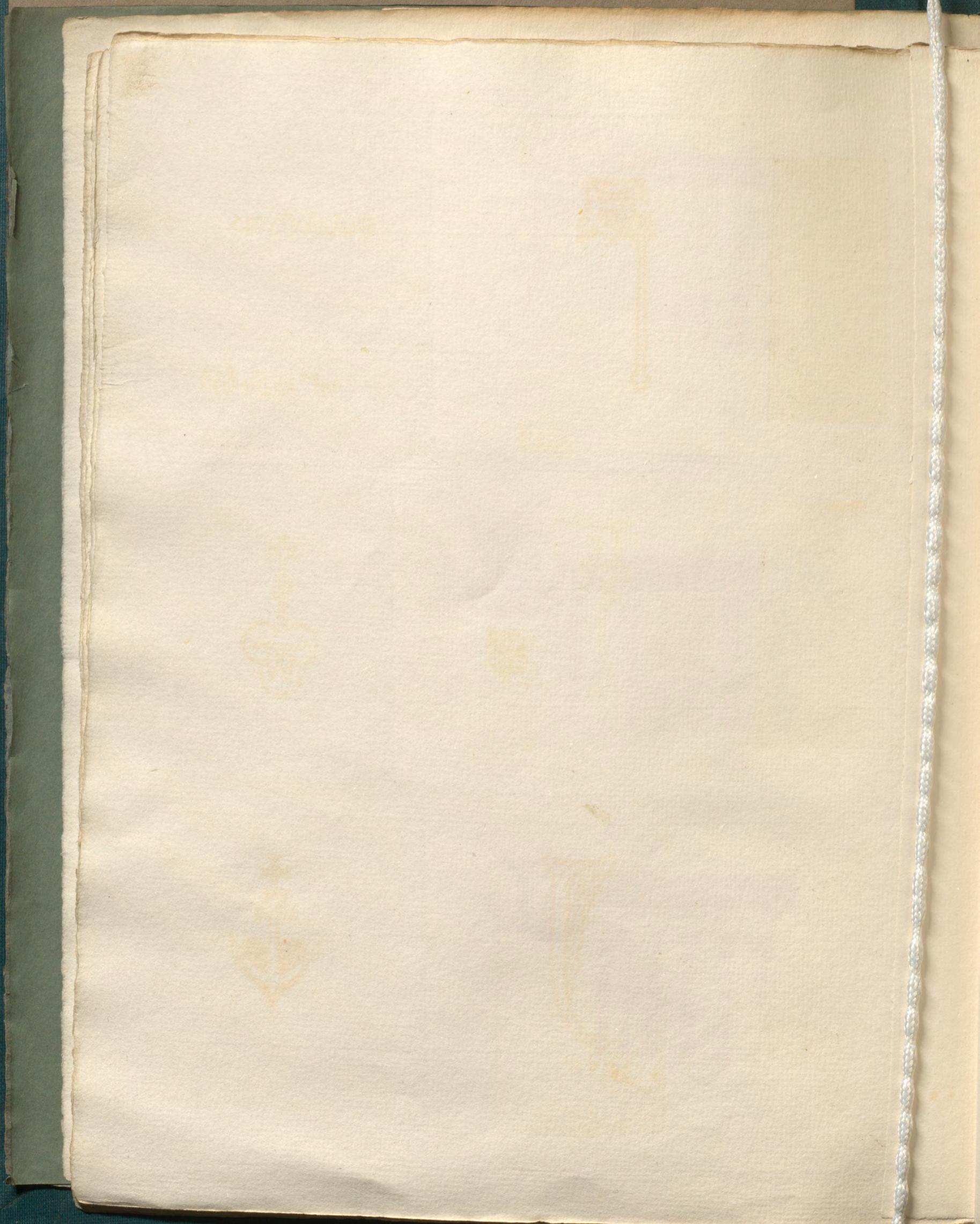
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T	4	11	18	25	
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T	6	13	20	27	
F	7	14	21	28	
S	1	8	15	22	29

DECEMBER.

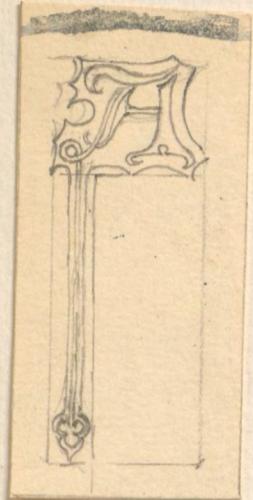
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M	1	8	15	22
T	2	9	16	23
W	3	10	17	24
T	4	11	18	25
F	5	12	19	26
S	6	13	20	27

R005012

Columbus to Cariboo - F

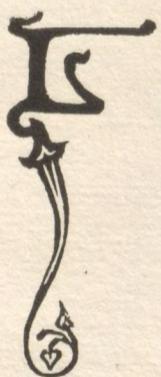


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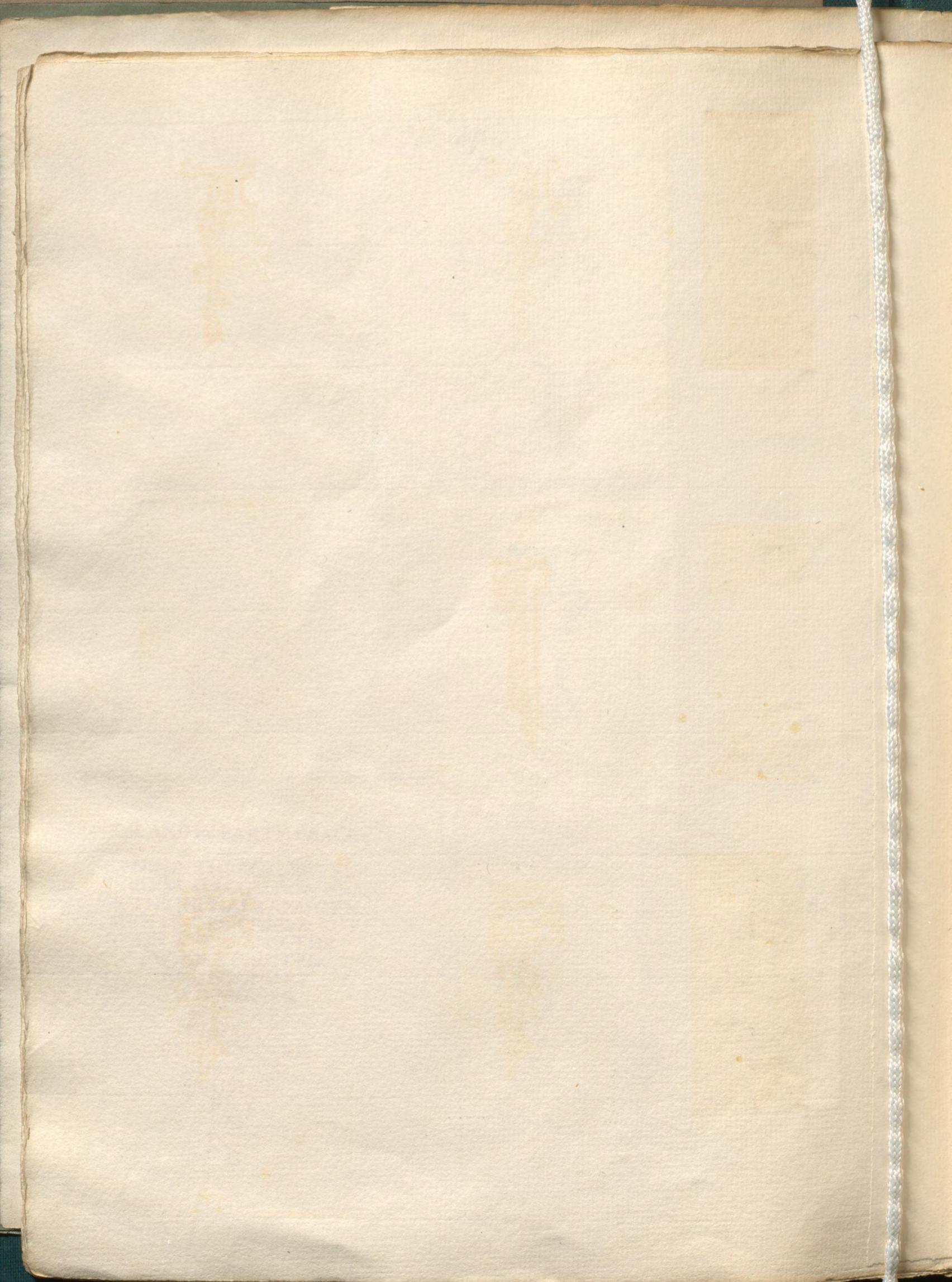


Ecclesiasticus

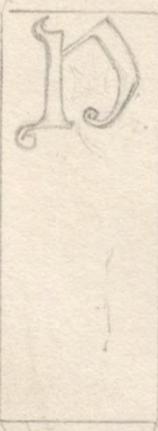
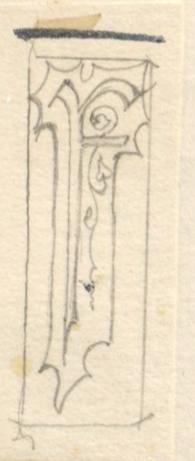
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Collected by C. R. GOODALE



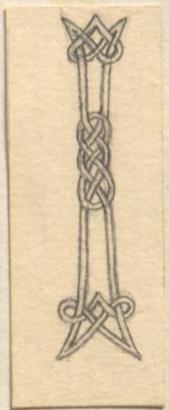
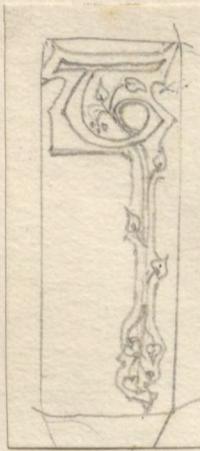
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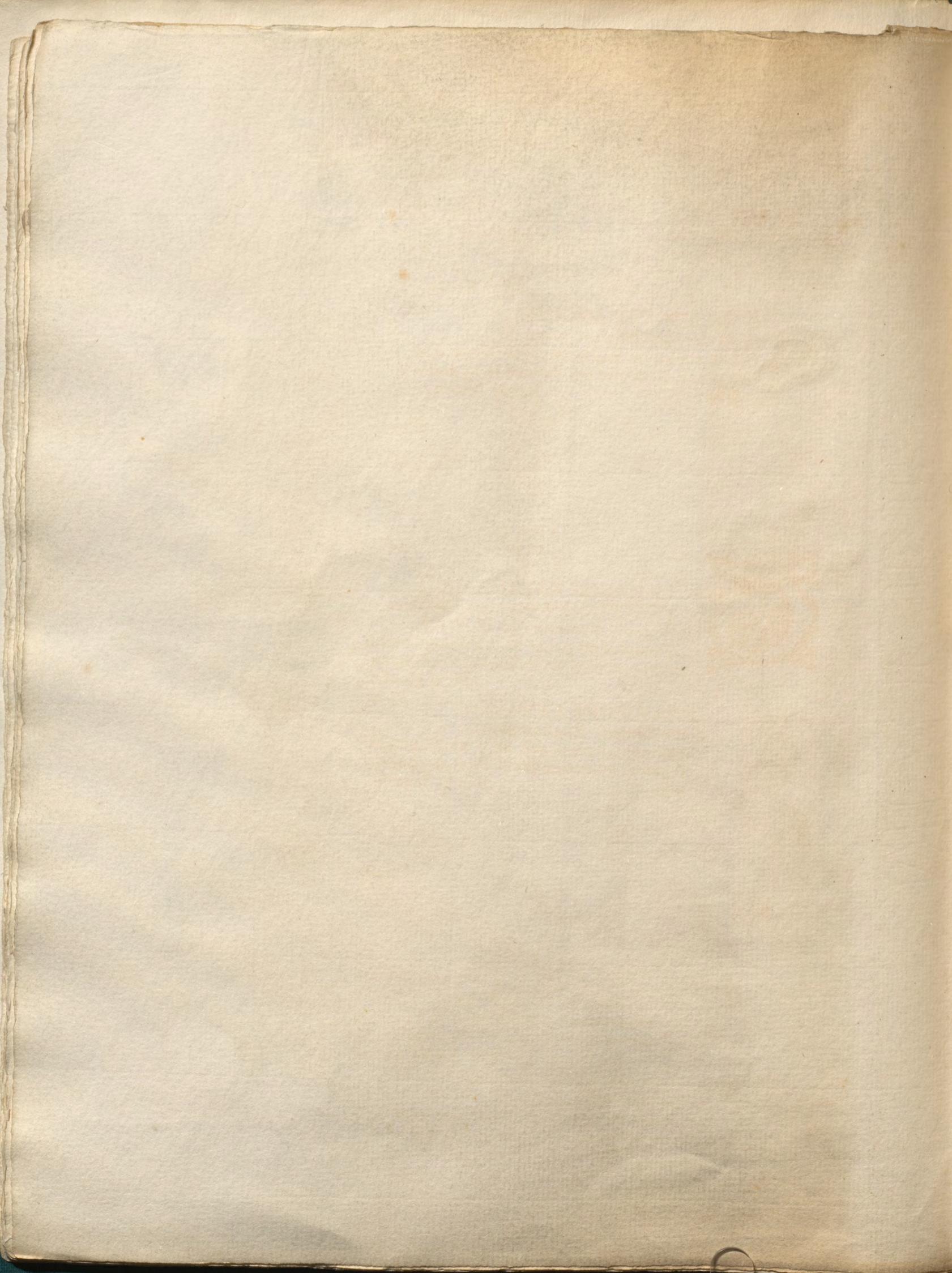
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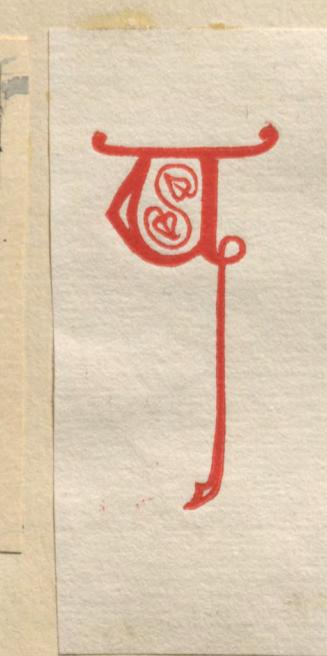
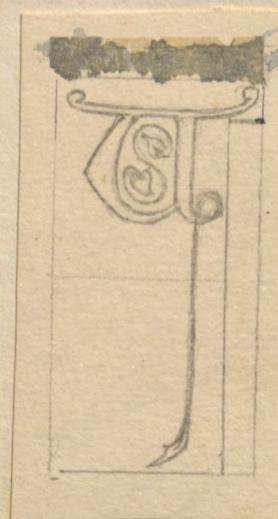
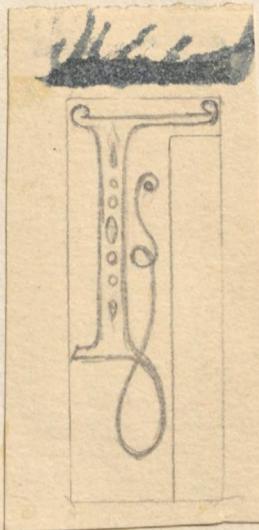
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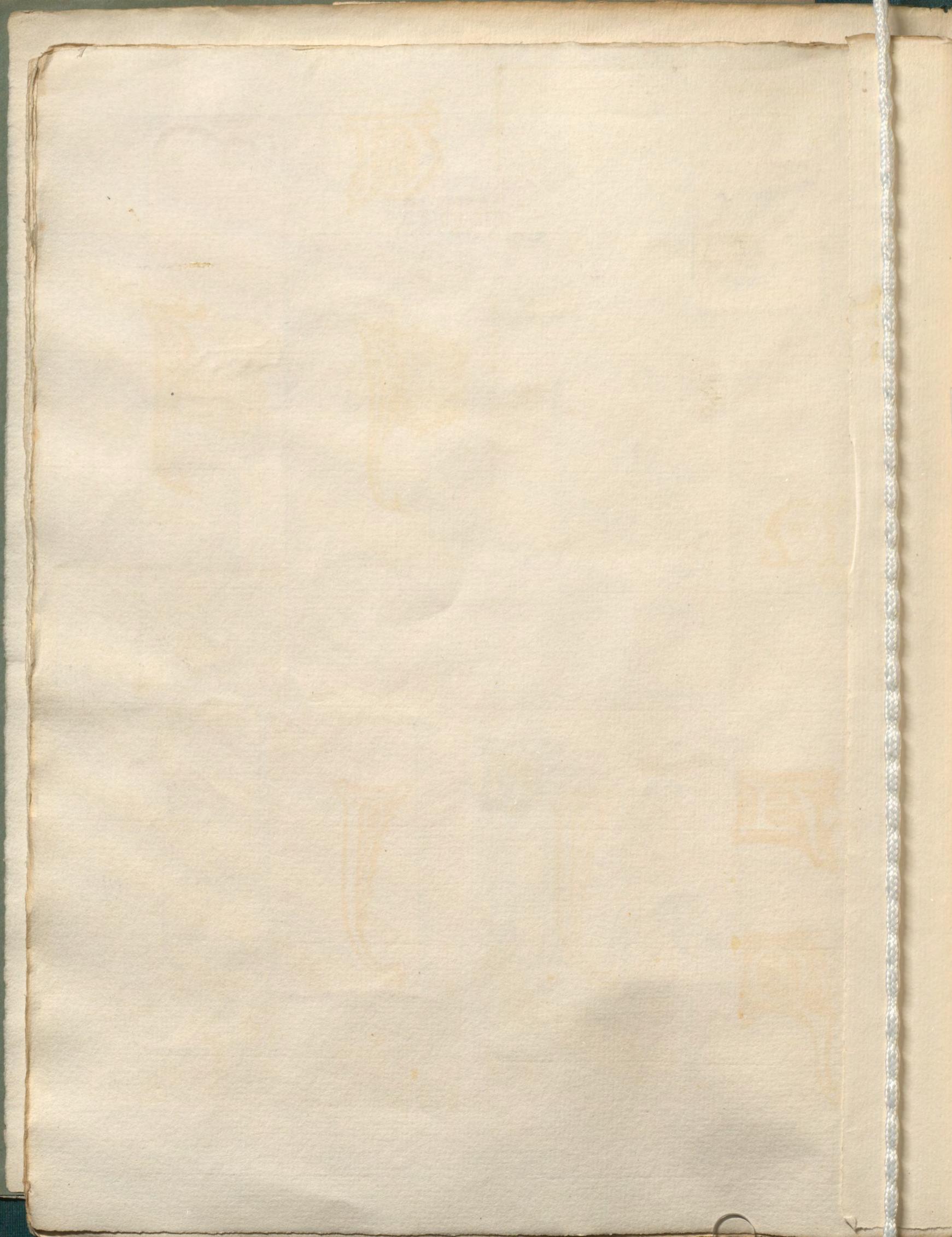
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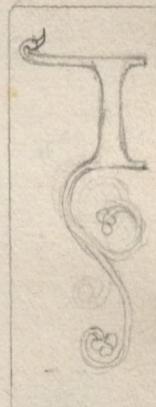
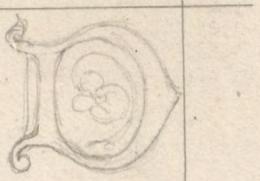
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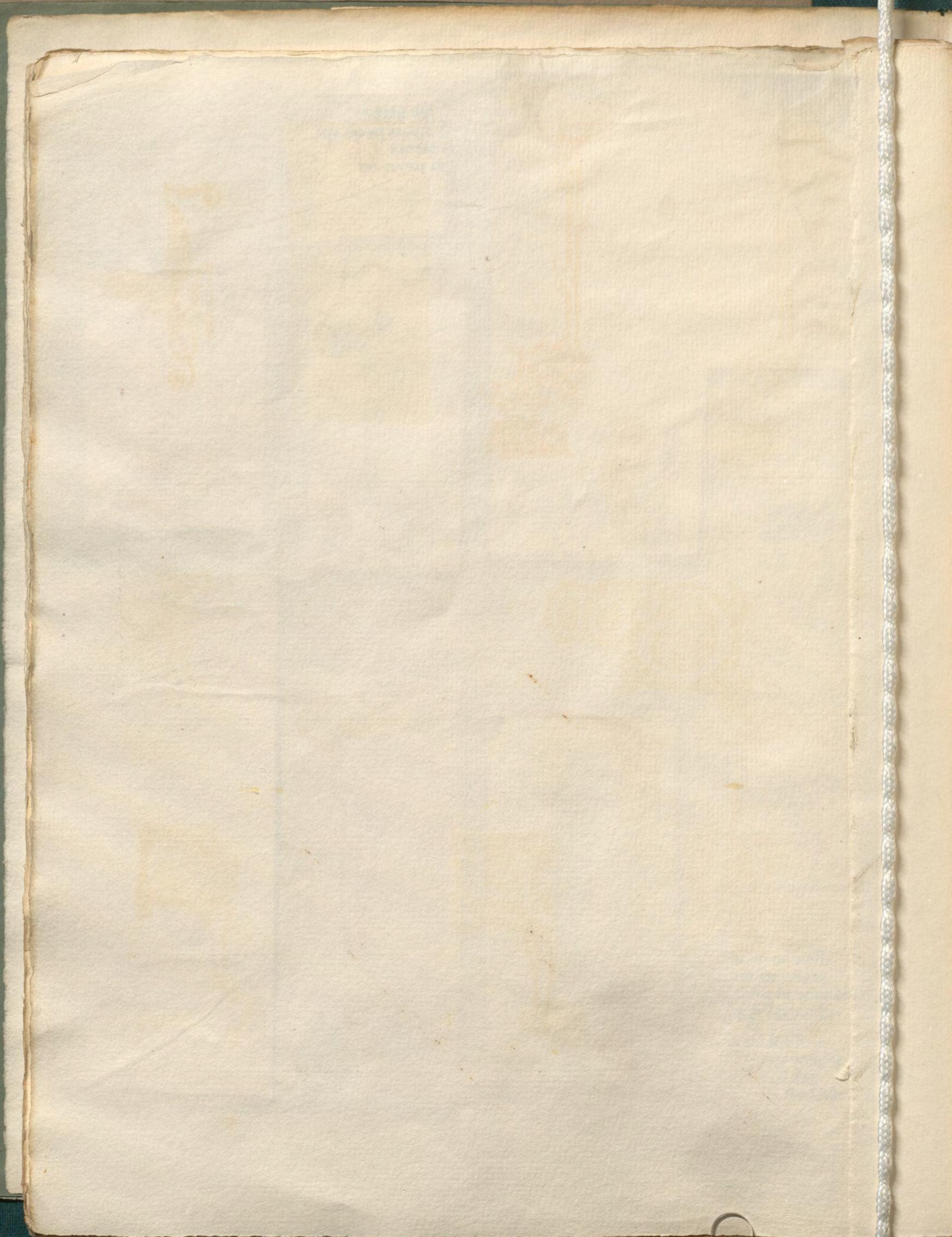
Collected by CARLTON F.



R005012



Collected by CARADEE F



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Collected by CHARLES E.

So litil bill and say thone were
 this same day at myne up-Ressinge
 where that I besought ~~the~~ God of meri
 thee to have my Souerein in his
 kepeing.

Li non fynde

JEWELS precious can I not finde *my Sovereign*
 To sende you this Newe Yere's morowe, *Souerein*
 Wherefor for lucke and good hanselle
 My hert I sende you and praye **Sainte Iohn** *Seynt*
 That an C yeres without any sorowe
 Ye may live: I praye God *so ye maye* *that ye so mote*
 And alle your Desires sende you hastily.

JEWELLIS precious can I non fynde to
 sende You my Souerein this Newe Yere
 morowe, Wherefor for lucke and good
 hanselle my hert I sende you and praye
 Seynt Iohn that an C yeres withouton
 any sorowe Ye may live: I praye God
 that ye so mote and Alle your Desires
 sende you hastily. Beseching you Dere
 hert, as enterly as I can To take en gre
 this poure gifte onely for my sake as is
 the custome and hath ben many a Day
 One friend to another to yeve and take
 Riche is it not, grete boste of to make
 Naught save a hert that remembers You
 ever Til body and soule parte and dissevere.

Collection H. CARADEC F.

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All the initials and ornaments are printed from the wood blocks which are designed and engraved, and the type set and the books printed and completely turned out by us. An endeavour is made to keep the decoration of each book distinct and appropriate, and as far as possible singular to the book treated.

The materials used are the best obtainable. The paper is a pure English Hand made comes from the mill at where the Kelmscott Press paper was made for Mr. Morris.

~~This is a~~
work

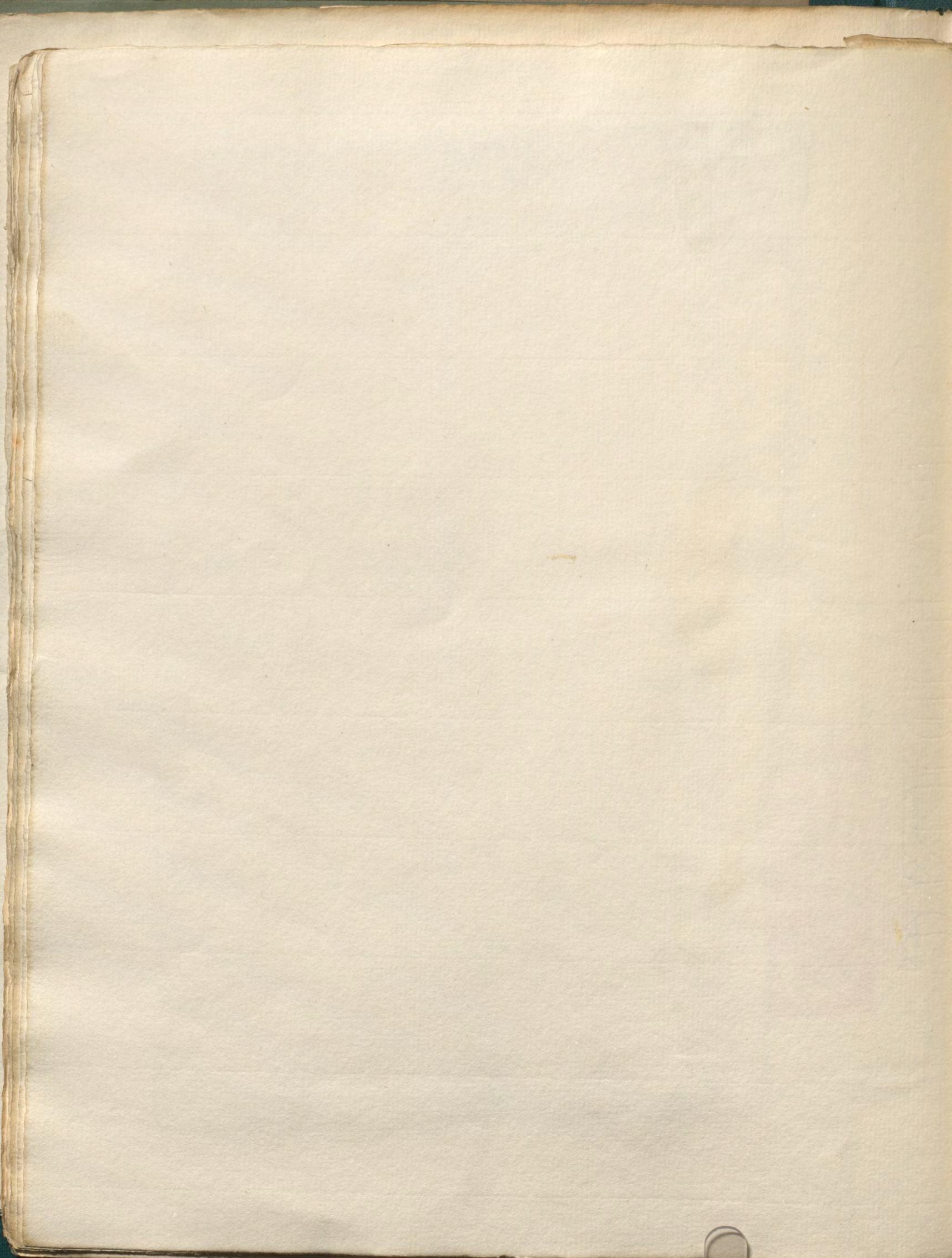
at
by us.

without
outside help.

by

and
with

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O THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB
& THE BEDFORD PARK AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB

Many friends and neighbours of MR & MRS GRAYSON have expressed the desire that before they leave Bedford Park, an opportunity might be afforded of a more or less informal leave-taking, and at the same time some slight token should be presented to them expressive of good will for the many and continuous acts of kindness and cooperation they have always afforded during their residence amongst us. All members of The Club and The Dramatic Club are fully cognisant how much they are indebted for the great help MR and MRS GRAYSON have at all times rendered. The committees of these two Clubs have therefore readily acceded to the request made to them to lay the matter before the members with a view to their cooperation.

With the desire of enabling all to join in the suggestion, a limit of five shillings has been placed to each individual subscription.

As we are anxious to complete arrangements at an early date, should you desire to associate yourself with the matter would you kindly sign and return enclosed before the 3rd: of March.

H. UNWIN

Hon: Sec: The Club

A. D. FRASER

Hon: Sec: B P A D Club

Feb: 21 1902



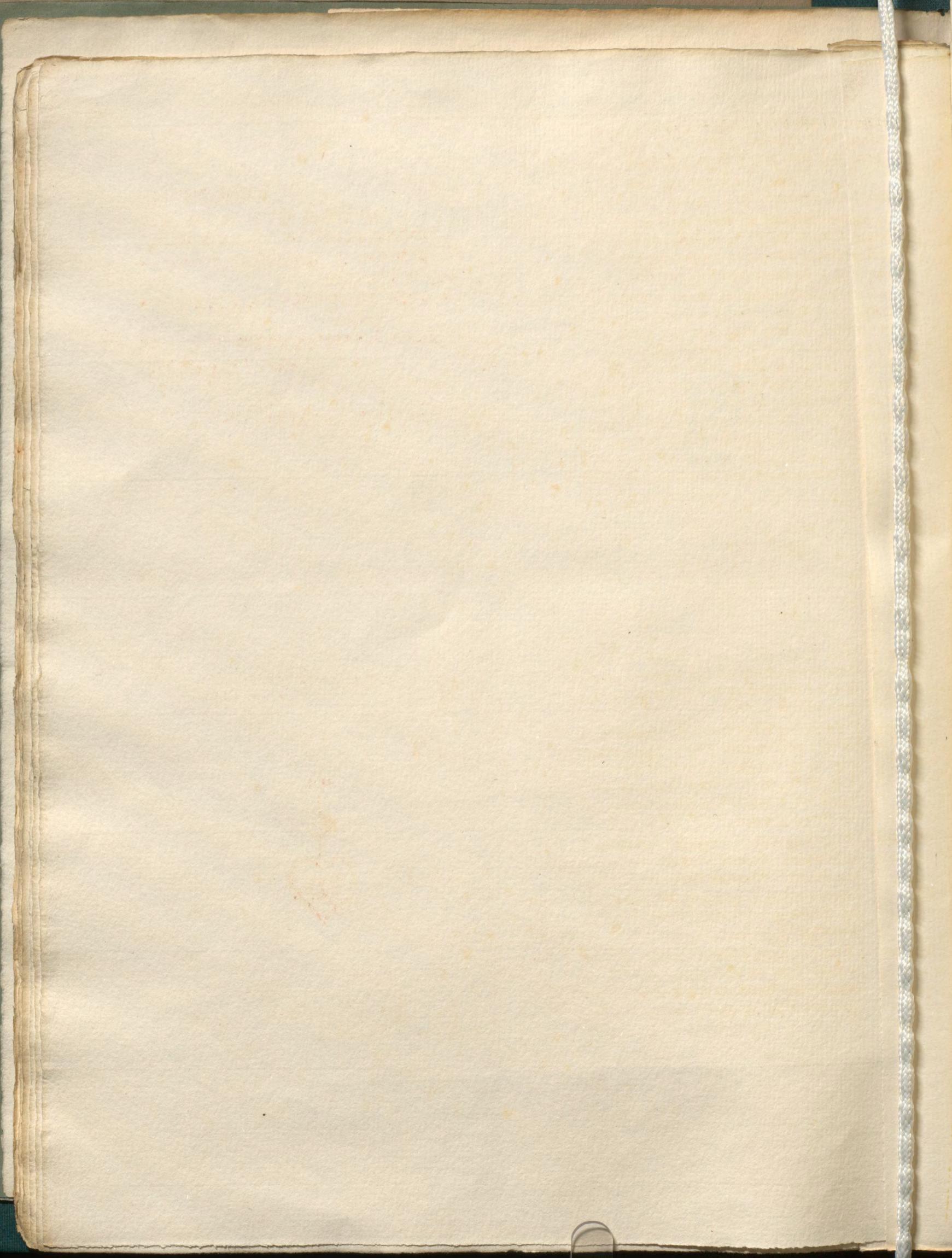
O H. UNWIN
& A. D. FRASER
1. Newton Grove
Bedford Park Chiswick.

Please add my name as a subscriber for shillings
for the purpose of your letter of Feb ; 21st ; for which I
enclose

Name

Address

Collection No. CLAREDO 5



9

Peter. Indeed I wish I had had the luck to get a hundred pounds, or twenty pounds itself, with the wife I married.

Peter. (Getting up and taking the bag in his hand) (Getting up and taking the bag in his hand) (Getting up and taking the bag in his hand) (Getting up and taking the bag in his hand)

Peter. (Coming over towards the table) Well, you would like a nice comely girl to be beside you and to go walking with you. The fortune only lasts for a while but the woman will be there always.

Peter. (turning round from the window) They are cheering again down in the town. May be they are landing horses from Enniscrone. They do be cheering when the horses take the water well.

Michael. There are no horses in it. Where would they be going and no fair at hand? Go down to the town Patrick, and see what is going on.

DRAMAITS PERSONAE

MICHAEL GILLANE, his son, going to be married.

PETER GILLANE.

PATRICK GILLANE, a lad of twelve, Michael's brother.

BRIDGET GILLANE, Peter's wife.

DELLA CAHILL, Peter's daughter.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN.

NEIGHBOURS.

CATHLEEN NI HOOLIHAN
A PLAY IN ONE ACT AND
IN PROSE BY W B YEATS



PRINTED AT THE CARADOC
PRESS CHISWICK FOR A H
BULLEN 18 CECIL COURT LONDON
DON MDCCCCII

TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM ROONEY

"Young she is, and fair she is, and would be
crowned a queen,
Were the King's son at home here with
Kathaleen-Ny-Houlahan!"

down] I never thought to sce so much money between my four walls. We can do great things now we have it. We can take the ten acres of land we have a chance of since Jamsie Dempsey died and stock it. We will go to the fair of Ballina to buy the stock. Did Delia ask any of the money for her own use, Michael?

Michael. She did not indeed. She did not seem to take much notice of it or to look at it at all.

Bridget. That's no wonder. Why would she look at it when she had yourself to look at, a fine strong young man, it is proud she must be to get you; a good steady boy that will make use of the money and not be running through it or spending it on drink like another.

over her face.
bours anyway, but she has her cloak
Michael. I don't think it's one of the neig-
hbor's. Who is it I wonder. It must be the
strange woman Peter saw a while
ago.
Bridget. Michael. I see an old woman coming up the
path. Do you see anything?
Michael. They're not done cheering yet. (He
goes over to the window and stands
there for a moment putting up his
hand to shade his eyes.)
Bridget. We will be well able to give him
learning, and not to send him tramps
in the country like a poor scholar
that lives on charity.
Michael. I see an old woman coming up the
path. Who is it I wonder. It must be the
strange woman Peter saw a while
ago.

Bridget. I suppose the boys must be having some sport of their own. Come over here, Peter and look at Michael's wedding clothes.

Peter. (shifts his chair to table) Those are grand clothes indeed.

Bridget. You hadn't clothes like that when you married me, and no coat to put on on a Sunday any more than any other day.

Peter. That is true indeed. We never thought a son of our own would be wearing a suit of that sort on his wedding or have so good a place to bring his wife to.

Patrick. (who is still at the window) There's an old woman coming down the road. I don't know is it here she is coming?

Bridget. It will be a neighbour coming to

hear about Michael's wedding. Can you see who it is?

Patrick. I think it is a stranger, but she's not coming to the house. She's turned into the gap that goes down to where Murteen and his sons are shearing their sheep. (He turns towards them) Do you remember what WInny of the Cross Roads was saying the other night about the strange woman that goes through the country whatever time there's war or trouble coming?

Bridget. Don't be bothering us about WInny's talk but go and open the door for your brother. I hear him coming up the path.

Peter. I hope he has brought Delia's fortune with him safe, for fear her people might go back on the bargain

Bridget. I do be thinking sometimes, now
things are going so well with us,
and the Cahels such a good back to
us in the district, and Delia's own
uncle a priest, we might be put into
the way of making Patrick a priest
some day, and he so good at his
books.

Peter. It will be Patrick's turn next to be
looking for a fortune: but he won't
find it so easy to get it and he with
no place of his own.

(Patrick goes out.)
Michael. She will surely.
Patrick. (opens the door to go out but stops
to the house?)

Delia remember do you think to
bring the greyhound pup she promised
ed me when she would be coming
for a moment on the threshold) Will

and I after taking it. Trouble
enough I had in making it. (Patrick
opens the door and Michael comes
in)

Bridget. What kept you, Michael? We were
looking out for you this long time.

Michael. I went round by the priest's house
to bid him be ready to marry us to-
morrow.

Bridget. Did he say anything?

Michael. He said it was a very nice match,
and that he was never better pleased
to marry any two in his parish than
myself and Delia Cahel.

Peter. Have you got the fortune, Michael?

Michael. Here it is. (he puts bag on table and
goes over and leans against chimney
jamb)

Bridget. (who has been examining the clothes
pulling the seams and trying the

CATHLEEN NI HOOLIHAN



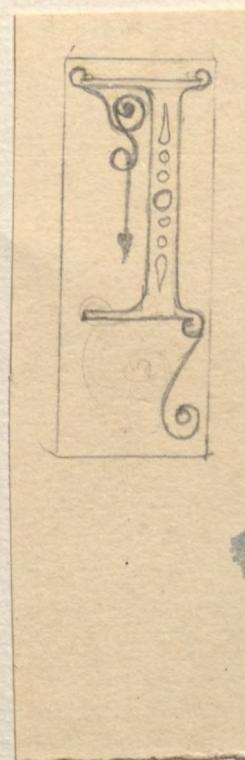
SCENE Interior of a cottage close to Killala, in 1798. Bridget is standing at a table undoing a parcel. Peter is sitting at one side of the fire, Patrick at the other.

Peter. What is that sound I hear?
Patrick. I don't hear anything (He listens) I
hear it now. It's like cheering. (He
goes to the window and looks out)
I wonder what they are cheering
about. I don't see anybody,
Peter. It might be a hurling match.
Patrick. There's no hurling today. It must
be down in the town the cheering is.

R005012

Coyotes in CARIBOU F.

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Collection No. CAGANDO 5

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H. S. & Co. Boston

O. Goldsmith
by Sir J. R.

Collected by C. R. H. E.

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